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The Family Classical Library; Nos. 3 and 4. Xenophon; Vol. 1. The *Anabasis*, translated by Edward Spelman, Esq. Vol. 2. The *Cyropædia*, translated by the Hon. Maurice Ashley Cooper.—London, Colburn and Bentley.

GIBSON has said, and said truly, that Spelman's *Anabasis* is one of the most accurate and elegant translations that any language has produced. It may justly rank beside Leland's *Demosthenes*, which forms the first volume of the *Family Classical Library*, and of which we have already spoken in terms of the highest praise. The subject, too, the expedition of Cyrus, and the retreat of the ten thousand after his death, is, in our opinion, the most interesting part of Xenophon's works. We cannot say quite so much for the *Cyropædia*, which always appeared to us rather dry reading, except such passages as the description of the grief of Abradatas' wife, queen of the Susians, in the beginning of the fifth book.—We speak of the original, and not of the Hon. Maurice Ashley Cooper's translation, which somewhat too much resembles 'Xenophon done into English by a person of honour.'—The first of these two numbers is embellished with a very beautiful bust of Xenophon, in the soft French style of engraving, by Dean.

PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Cambrian Quarterly Magazine.

We cannot let the month slip over us without paying our passing respects to the *Cambrian*, the spirited periodical of Wales. Its attention to those national topics—the express end and object of its establishment—is worthy of special praise. Yet we are glad to find that it is not so desperately Welch as to forget its neighbours of the sister isle. The present number contains a very excellent and graphic sketch of an eminent countryman of ours—long an ornament of the Irish bar—Peter Burrowes. Who would expect to have found him here? We have also to acknowledge the very handsome and complimentary terms in which our own deserts are mentioned in this number.

Bolster's Quarterly Magazine, No. XI.

Published in April, 1830.

So saith the cover of the *Cork Magazine*, and the month is, we believe, correct enough—the publishers only mistook the year, when they called their *Periodical* a *Quarterly*. It is, if we mistake not, just about fifteen months since No. X. appeared. We cannot say that the excellence of the present Number is so transcendent as to redeem this long delay: the most interesting article appeared to us a 'Mémorial of the late J. J. Callanan,' whose posthumous Poems were reviewed in the *Dublin Literary Gazette* some time ago. He appears to have been a very fickle and unwise young man.

Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country, April.

Fraser is undoubtedly a very clever production. The few numbers which have hitherto appeared have been very successful in attracting public notice—a commensurate quantity of public approbation, however, it has still to gain. Fraser has the *material* in him, we have no hesitation in saying; but we deprecate the mode

in which he applies it. He is obviously and glaringly the imitator—the would-be rival of Blackwood; but the points of resemblance between them are rather too broad and in the worst taste. Take, for example, in the present number, the article on the East India Company, in which Mr. Buckingham is "shown up." Remark on a passage of that gentleman's, in which he states that he was marched barefoot as a prisoner some hundred miles through Spain and Portugal, the writer of the article in question, observes:—"That Mr. Buckingham, with the rest of the officers, (what rank was he?) might have been taken prisoner is very possible, and in no way attaches blame to him; but that he walked 'barefoot' is not to be commended, when we recollect that, like his old enemy Gifford of the *Quarterly Review*, Bloomfield, the Shepherd's Boy, and many other eminent men, he was bred a cobbler." This is in Blackwood's worst style; and we could cite not a few more instances like it. Altogether, we must decidedly protest against the strain of low, vulgar, personal abuse which pollutes the pages of this magazine; it must tend to disgust, not to gratify the reader of discernment. If persevered in, it will assuredly lower periodical literature extremely in public estimation.

In a paper, entitled "Scene in Trinity College, Dublin," being a personal account of the Archbishop of Dublin and the Bishop of Ferns, which the Editor of the Magazine is pleased to inform us is, in his opinion, a "very clever and graphic sketch of these two eminent prelates," we are favoured with the following portrait of the Bishop of Ferns:—"Doctor Elrington is, in person, a grotesque contrast to Doctor Magee. He is large and coarse in form. His feet, as he walks, alternately pummel the pavement, like a paviour's Herculean club. His countenance is harsh and heavy, with an unhappy curve downwards in the angles of the mouth. His voice is hoarse and gruff, in curious unison with his form. His looks, as he goes, are ever downcast, as if searching for a kennel or a puddle to put his foot, or both his feet, into." In this tiny little paragraph there are no fewer than ten statements, which we shall not hazard our reputation for politeness by characterising with their proper epithet. The Bishop of Ferns' person must be familiarly known to almost every one of our Dublin readers, as he has dwelt so long among us, and has always been an object of attention and respect; but to those in London, and other places afar, where Fraser's Magazine may be better known than truth and the excellent and exemplary bishop, we beg to inform them a little more correctly, even in this slight matter of personal appearance. Doctor Elrington, then, as the writer in Fraser somewhat ignorantly and uncourtously styles the Lord Bishop of Ferns, in person may be compared with his Grace of Dublin. He is small, and compactly formed. He is a man remarkable for his light, active, and elastic tread. His countenance is mild, yet animated; with a particularly bland and benevolent expression about the mouth. His voice is soft, impressive and melodious—in perfect unison with his face and form. His looks, as he goes, are ever cast upwards, as if "commencing with the skies," or darted around him with a quick searching glance, so as to catch your eye every where. Now, reader, look here upon this picture and on this. We have not the pleasure of the Bishop of Ferns' acquaintance,

nor is it at all probable that we ever shall; but we have met him in the street, and heard him preach, scores of times, and thus much we think due to truth and candour in this simple matter. The rest of the abuse levelled against his literary and intellectual attainments may be judged of from this brief exposé. The most disgusting part of the whole is, perhaps, the nauseous familiarity which the writer affects with Doctor Magee, as he calls our archbishop. He would have us believe that he is quite on hand and glove terms with his Grace, and advises him, confidentially, how to behave himself in company. Were we to adopt for a moment the style of this writer himself, we should probably say, that however he may have had the honour of approaching the archbishop in the exalted character of horseboy or running footman, he certainly never ventured to penetrate beyond the purlieus of the palace kitchen, for had he dared to intrude by "thrusting his ugly mug" into the parlour, his Grace of Dublin is just the person to ring for a servant to put that man out and bring in a gentleman.

FINE ARTS.

Landscape Illustrations of the *Waverley Novels*, from Drawings by Barret, Brockedon, W. Daniell R.A., P. Dewint, C. Fielding, J. D. Harding, S. Prout, R. R. Reinagle R.A., Robson, J. Stothard R.A., Stanfield, W. Westall A.R.A.—Engraved by William and Edward Finden.—London; Charles Tilt. Part I.

The names of the artists and engravers employed on this work, as given in the title, are a sufficient guarantee to the public for its general beauty and excellence. A landscape work, embracing such high and at the same time varied talent, has not been hitherto attempted. The subjects contained in the first part just published, are 1. Arran, by W. Daniell, R.A. 2. Doune Castle, by J. D. Harding; 3. Penrith, by P. Dewint, and 4. Windermere, by W. Westall, A.R.A. Of these, we like the first (Arran) best, the subject is exceedingly striking, and treated with great breadth and simplicity of effect. Doune Castle is very beautiful, as is every thing that Harding does; but if the sky had been somewhat quieter, and the foreground had a little more force, the effect, we think, would have been better: Turner has been imitated but not quite happily. No. 3. Penrith, by Peter Dewint, has a fine breadth of effect, but there is little beauty in the forms. Dewint's forte is colour; his lines are rarely sufficiently graceful to engrave well. Windermere, by Westall, is a favourable specimen of that artist, but we confess he is no very great favourite of ours, though he unquestionably has a great deal of truth. On the whole, the first part is extremely good, and we warmly recommend it to public attention and support, while we anticipate that the succeeding numbers will even exceed it in excellence.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, April 19.

In my last letter I informed you that the Paris Geographical Society had offered a gold medal, value 1000 francs, to the author of the best paper on the origin of the Asiatic Negroes. They have since announced their intention of giving a gold medal, value 2400